

rough tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes, and furr'd gownes hide all. Place finnes with Gold, and the strong Lance of Iustice, hurtlesse breakes: Arme it in ragges, a Pigmies straw do's pierce it. None do's offend, none, I say none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend, who haue the power to scale th' accusers lips. Get thee glasse-eyes, and like a scurvy Politician, seeme to see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes: harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt, Reason in Madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes. I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloucester: Thou must be patient; we came crying hither: Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the Ayre We wawe, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.

Glou. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come To this great stage of Fooles. This a good blocke: It were a delicate stratagem, to shoo A Troope of Horse with Pelt: Ile put in prooffe, And when I haue stolne vpon these Son in Lawes, Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir, Your most deere Daughter.

Lear. No rescue? What, a Prisoner? I am euen The Natural Foole of Fortune. Vse me well, You shall haue ranfome. Let me haue Surgeons, I am cut to th' Braines.

Gent. You shall haue any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my selfe?

Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt To vse his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die brauely, Like a smugge Bridegroom. What? I will be Iouiall: Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it, You shall get it by running: Sa, sa, sa, sa.

Gent. A sight most pittifull in the meaneft wretch, Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast a Daughter Who redeemes Nature from the generall curse Which twaine haue brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar:

Euery one heares that, which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your fauour:

How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on speedy foot: the maine descry

Stands on the houely thought.

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here Her Army is mou'd on.

Edg. I thanke you Sir.

Glou. You euer gentle Gods, take my breath from me, Let not my worser Spirit tempt me againe To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glou. Now good fir, what are you?

Edg. A most poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling sorrowes, Am pregnant to good pittie. Giue me your hand, Ile leade you to some biding.

Glou. Heartie thanks:

The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: most happie That eyelesse head of thine, was first fram'd flesh To raise my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor, Breefely thy selfe remember: the Sword is out That must destroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant, Dar'st thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence, Least that th' infection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir, Without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go Slaue, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore volke passe: and 'chud ha' bin zwaggerd out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not neere th' old man: keepe out che vor ye, or ice try whither your Costard, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dughill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor your toynes.

Stew. Slaue thou hast slaine me: Villain, take my purse; If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my bodie, And giue the Letters which thou find'st about me, To Edmund Earle of Gloucester: seeke him out Vpon the English party. Oh vntimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A seruiceable Villaine, As duteous to the vices of thy Mistress, As badnesse would desire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: rest you. Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speakes of May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely sorry He had no other Deathman. Let vs see: Leau gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts, Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocal loves be remembred. You haue manie opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If hee returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his bed my Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliuer me, and supply the place for your Labour.

Towr (Wife, so I would say) affectionate Seruant. Gonerill.

Oh indistinguish'd space of Womans will, A plot vpon her vertuous Husbands life, And the exchange my Brother: heere, in the sands There Ile rake vp, the poste vn sanctified Of murderous Letchers: and in the mature time, With this vngracious paper strike the fight Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well, That of thy death, and business, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad:

How stiffe is my vilde sense

That I stand vp, and haue ingenious feeling Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distract, So should my thoughts be feuer'd from my griefes, Drum as farre off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations loofe

The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Giue me your hand: Part off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme. Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend.

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent, How shall I liue and worke To match thy goodnesse? My life will be too short, And euery measure faile me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-paid, All my reports go with the modest truth, Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited, These weeds are memories of those worser houres: I prythee put them off.

Kent. Pardon deere Madam, Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent, My boone I make it, that you know me not, Till time, and I, thinke meet.

Cor. Then bet'so my good Lord:

How do's the King?

Gent. Madam sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind Gods!

Cure this great breach in his abused Nature, Th'vntun'd and iarring senses, O winde vp, Of this childe, changed Father.

Gent. So please your Maiesty, That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?

Cor. Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede I th' way of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Seruants

Gent. I Madam: in the heauineffe of sleepe, We put fresh garments on him. Be by good Madam when we do awake him, I doubt of his Temperance.

Cor. O my deere Father, restauration hang Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters Haue in thy Reuerence made.

Kent. Kind and deere Princeesse.

Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white fokes Did challenge pittie of them. Was this a face To be oppos'd against the iarring windes? Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me, Should haue stood that night against my fire, And was't thou faine (poore Father)

To houell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne, In short, and musty straw: Alacke, alacke, 'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Gent. Madam do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my Royall Lord?

How fares your Maiesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' th' graue, Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound

Vpon a wheele of fire, th

Do scal'd, like molten L

Cor. Sir, do you know

Lear. You are a spirit

Cor. Still, still, farre w

Gent. He's scarce awa

Let him alone a while.

Lear. Where haue I

Where am I? Faice day!

I am mightily abus'd; I

To see another thus. I

I will not sweare these a

I feele this pin pricke, w

Of my condition.

Cor. O looke vpon

And hold your hand in

You must not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not n

I am a very foolish fond

Four score and vpward

Not an houre more, nor

And to deale plainly,

I feare I am not in my p

Me thinks I should kn

Yet I am doubtfull: Fo

What place this is: and

Remembers not these g

Where I did lodge last

For (as I am a man) I th

To be my childe Cordeli

Cor. And so I am: I

Lear. Be your teares

Yes faith: I pray weepe

If you haue payfon for

I know you do not iou

Haue (as I do rememb

You haue some cause, th

Cor. No cause, no ca

Lear. Am I in France

Kent. In your owne

Lear. Do not abuse

Gent. Be comforted

You see is kill'd in him

Trouble him no more

Cor. Wile please yo

Lear. You must be

Pray you now forget,

I am old and foolish.

Actus Quintus

Enter with Drumme

Gentle

Bast. Know of the

Or whether since he is

To change the course,

And selfe reproving, b

Reg. Our Sisters m

Bast. 'Tis to be dou

Reg. Now sweet L